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Thirty
Branches
SCOTS SONGS

Adapted for a
VOICE & HARPSICHORD.

BY
Robert Bremner.

The Words by ALLEN RAMSEY.

Book First.

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Kathrine Oggie.

for 2 Voices

Slow

As walking forth to view the plain, up - on a morning ear - ly, while May's sweet scent did

As walking forth the plain, up - on a morning ear - ly, while May did

6 5 6 4 5 6 4 5 6

cheer my Brain, from Flowers which grow so rarely: I chanc'd to meet a pret-ty Maid, She

cheer my Brain, from Flowers which grow so rarely: I chanc'd to meet a pret-ty Maid, She

5 4 5 6 6 4 5 7 6 6 7 5 6

fhind' tho' it was Foggie, I ask'd her Name: sweet fir she said, my Name is Kathrine Oggie.

fhind' tho' it was Foggie, I ask'd her Name: sweet fir she said, my Name is Kathrine Oggie.

6 4 6 4 6 6 6 #

The Blathrie oit.

Lively

When I think on this World's pelf, and the lit tle wi share I have oit to my felf, and

6 4 5 3

how the Lafs that wants it is by the Lads forgot, may the shame fa'the Gear, and the Blathrie o'it

6 6 6

Katharine Ogie.

3

AS walking forth *to view* * the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's *sweet scent* did chear my brain,
From flowers which grow so rarely,
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid :
She shin'd tho' it was fogie ;
I ask'd her name ; Sweet Sir, she said,
My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I stood *a while*, and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately ;
So brisk *an air* there did appear
In this dear maid so neatly :
Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
Like lilies in a bogie ;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of *females*, Beauty's queen,
Who sees thee, sure must prize thee ;
Tho' thou art dress'd *in robes* but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee :
Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
Excels a clownish rogie ;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

O were I *but* some *shep-herd* swain !
To feed my flock beside thee,
At *boughting-time* to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee ;
I'd think myself a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' *imperial* throne,
And statesmen's dang'rous stations :
I'd be no king, *I'd wear* no crown,
I'd smile at conq'ring nations ;
Might I cares and still possess
This lass of whom I'm vogie ;
For these are toys, and still look less,
Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

I fear *the gods* have not decreed
For me so fine a creature,
Whose beauty rare *makes her* exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of despair surround my love,
That are both dark and fogie :
Pity my case, ye Pow'rs above,
I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

* The Letters and Syllables in this Song, in *Italic* characters, are to be left out by the Second Voice.

Blathrie o't.

WHEN I think on this world's pelf,
And the little wee share I have o't to myself,
And how the lass that wants it, is by the lads forgot,
May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't.

Jockie was the ladie that held the pleugh,
But now he's got gowd and gear eneugh ;
He thinks nae mair of me that weirs the plaiden coat ;
May the shame, &c.

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
But now she is clad in her filken attire,
And *Jockie* says he loes her, and swears he's me forgot ;
May the shame, &c.

But all this shall never danton me,
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free :
For the lad that's sae inconstant, he is not worth a groat ;
May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't.

The Birks of Invermay.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing ;
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay.
 Let us, *Amanda*, timely wife,
 Like them, improve the hour that flies ;
 And in soft raptures waste the day
 Among the birks of *Invermay*.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And Age, life's winter, will appear ;
 At *this* thy living bloom will fade,
 As *that* will strip the verdant shade ;
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more ;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of *Invermay*.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
 The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
 Gambol and dance about their dams ;
 The busy bees with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice :
 Let us, like them, then sing and play
 About the birks of *Invermay*.

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call ;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams ;
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance :
 Let us as jovial be as they
 Among the birks of *Invermay*.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

O *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
 They are twa bonny lasses,
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae,
 And theek'd it o'er with rashes.
 Fair *Bessy Bell* I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er cou'd alter ;
 But *Mary Gray*'s twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now *Bessy*'s hair's like a lint-tap ;
 She smiles like a *May* morning,
 When *Phabus* starts frae *Thetis*' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning :
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 Her waist and feet's fu' genty ;
 With ilka grace she can command :
 Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And *Mary*'s locks are like a crow,
 Her een like diamonds glances ;
 She's ay fae clean, redd up, and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances ;
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is ;
 And guides her airs fae gracefu' still,
 O *Jove*, she's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
 Ye unco fair oppress us ;
 Our fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lasses :
 Wae's me, for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stinted ;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

The Birks of Endermay.

5

Slowly

The smiling Morn the breathing spring, in-vite the tuneful Birds to sing, and while they warble
 from each spray, Love melts the U-ni-ver-sal Lay. Let us *Amanada* time-ly wife, like
 them improve the hour that flys, and in soft raptures waste the day, a-mong the Birks of Endermay.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo marking 'Slowly' is at the beginning. The lyrics are written below the staves. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 on the staves. There are also some 'h' markings above certain notes. The first system has a '6' under the bass staff. The second system has '6 6' under the first measure, '4 3 6 6 6 4 3' under the next six measures, and '6 7 # 5' under the final measure. The third system has '6 6 6' under the first three measures, '6 6 6 6' under the next four measures, and '6 4 3 6 4 3' under the final six measures.

Betsy Bell, and Mary Gray.

Brisk

O *Betsy Bell* & *Mary Gray*, they are twa bon-ny Lass-es, they bigg'd a Bower on
 yon burn fide, and theek'd it o'er wi' Rash-es Fair: *Betsy Bell* I loo'd yestreen, and
 thought I ne'er cou'd al-ter; but *Mary Gray* twa paw-ky Een, gard a my fan-cy fal-ter.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo marking 'Brisk' is at the beginning. The lyrics are written below the staves. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 on the staves. There are also some 'h' markings above certain notes. The first system has a 'b5' under the bass staff. The second system has '6' under the first measure, '7' under the second measure, and '6' under the final measure. The third system has '6 6' under the first two measures, '6 6' under the next two measures, and '7' under the final measure.

The Lafs of Peaties Mill.

for 2 Voices

Moderaly

The Lafs of *Peaties* Mill, so bon-ny blyth and gay, In spight of all my
 skill, She stole my heart a-way. when Tedding of the Hay, bare head-ed on the
 green, Love 'midst her looks did play, and wan-ton'd in her Een.

Saw ye Iohnie cuming quo She.

Brisk

Saw ye Iohnie coming quo' she, saw ye Iohnie coming, O saw ye Iohnie coming quo' she, saw ye Iohnie
 coming, wi' his blew Bonnet on his head, and his Doggie running. quo' she and his Doggie running.

Peaty's Mill.

THE lass of Peaty's mill,
So bonny, blyth, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
Hath stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn;
To age it wou'd give youth,
To press 'em with his hand.
Thro' all my spirits ran
An ecstasy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand,
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasures at my will;
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Peaty's mill,
Should share the same with me.

Fee him, Father, fee him.

:S:
SAW ye Johnie cummin, quo' she;
Saw ye Johnie cummin, :S:
O saw ye Johnie cummin, quo' she;
Saw ye Johnie cummin,
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie runnin, quo' she;
And his doggie runnin?

:S:
Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
Fee him, father, fee him: :S:
For he is a gallant lad,
And a' well doin;
And a' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she;
Wi' me, when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, huffy,
What will I do wi' him:

He's ne'er a fark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gi'e him.
I ha'e twa fark into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gi'e him;
And for a mark of mair fee
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she;
Dinna stand wi' him.

:S:
For well do I lo'e him, quo' she;
Well do I lo'e him: :S:
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll had the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
And lie wi' me at e'en, quo' she;
Lie wi' me at e'en.

Low down in the Broom.

MY daddy is a canker'd carle,
 He'll nae twin wi' his gear;
 My minny she's a scalding wife,
 Hads a' the house asteen;
*But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' ane to me;*

*For he's low down, he's in the broom
 That's waiting on me;
 Waiting on me, my love,
 He's waiting on me,
 For he's low down, he's in the broom
 That's waiting on me.*

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
 And fair she lightlies me;
 But weel ken I it's a' envy;
 For ne'er a jo has she.
But let them say, &c.

My coufin Kate was fair beguil'd
 Wi' Johnie in the glen;
 And aye since-syne, she cries, beware
 Of false deluding men.
But let her say, &c.

Glee'd Sandy he came wast ae night,
 And speer'd when I saw Pate,
 And aye since-syne the neighbours round
 They jeer me air and late.
*But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' ane to me;*

*For I'll gae to the bonny lad
 That's waiting on me;
 Waiting on me, my love,
 He's waiting on me;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom
 That's waiting on me.*

The Last Time I came o'er the Moor.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
 I left my love behind me;
 Ye Pow'rs! what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me!
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chaste sport;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain,
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me,
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me;

Yet hope again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter:
 Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall center:
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
 She shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me:
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom,
 There while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

Low down in the Broom.

9

Livly

My *Daddy* is a canker'd Carle, he'll ne twin wi' his Gear, My *Minni* She's a
 scolding Wife, hads a' the house a steer, But let them say, or let them do, its a' ane to
 me, for he's low down he's in the Broom that's waiting on me; waiting on me, My Love he's
 waiting on me, for he's low down he's in the Broom that's waiting for me.

The last time I came o'er the Moor.

Slow

The last time I came o'er the Moor I left my Love be-hind me, ye Pow'rs what
 Pain do I en-dure, when soft I-de-as mind me, Soon as the rud-dy Morn display'd, the
 beaming day en-fuing, I met betimes my Lovely Maid, in fit re-treats for Wooing.

Gilderoy.

for 2 Voices.

Plaintive

Ah! Clo-ris cou'd I now but sit, as un-concern'd as when, your In--fant beau-ty

Ah! Cloris cou'd I now but sit, as un-concern'd as when, your Infant beau-ty

cou'd beget, no hap-pi-ness nor Pain, when I this dawning did ad-mire and

cou'd beget, no hap-pi-ness nor Pain, when I this dawning did ad-mire, and

prais'd the com-ing Day, I lit-tle thought that riseing fire, wou'd take my rest a-way.

prais'd the com-ing Day, I little thought that riseing fire, wou'd take my rest a-way.

Hooly and Fairly.

Briskish

Oh what had I a do for to Mar ry, My wife She drinks nai-thing but Sack and Ca-na-ry,

I to her Friends complain'd right Air-ly; O gin my wife wou'd drink hoo-ly and fair-ly,

hoo-ly and fair-ly, hoo-ly and fair-ly, O gin my wife wou'd drink, hoo-ly and fair-ly

Ah! Chloris.

To the Tune of *Gilder Roy*.

AH! *Chloris*, cou'd I now but fit
 As unconcern'd, as when
 Your infant beauty cou'd beget
 No happiness nor pain.
 When I this dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire
 Wou'd take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 As metals in a mine,
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine :

But as your charms insensible
 To their perfection press'd ;
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While *Cupid* at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.
 Each gloried in their wanton part ;
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art ;---
 To make a beauty, she.

Hooly and fairly.

OH! what had I ado for to marry ;
 My wife she drinks naithing but sack and canary :
 I to her friends complained right airly :
O gin my wife wad drank hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly ;
O gin my wife wad drank hooly and fairly.

First she drank *Crummie*, and syne she drank *Garie* ;
 Now she has drunken my bonny grey mairie,
 That carried me thro' the dub and the lairie :
O gin my wife, &c.

If she'd drink but her ain things I wad na much care,
 She drinks my claiths I canna well spare ;
 To the kirk and the market I gang fu' barely :
O gin my wife, &c.

If there's ony filler, she maun keep the purse ;
 If I seek but a baubee she'll scold and she'll curse :
 She gangs like a queen, I scrimped and sparely :
O gin my wife, &c.

I never was given to wrangling nor strife ;
 Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life :
 E'er it come to a war I'm ay for a parley :
O gin my wife, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow ;
 But when she sits down she fills herself fow ;
 And when she is fow she's unco camsterie :
O gin my wife, &c.

And when she comes hame she laes on the lads ;
 She caes the lasses baith limmers and jades ;
 And I my ain sell an auld canker'd carlie ;
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly ;
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

She rose and looted me in.

THE night her silent sable wore,
And gloomy were the skies;
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more,
Than those in *Nelly's* eyes:
When to her father's door I came,
Where I had often been,
I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,
To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,
Did my fond suit reprove;
And while she chid my rash design,
She but inflam'd my love.
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
While her bright eyes did roll:
But virtue only had the pow'r
To charm my very soul.

Then who wou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part!
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart.
My eager fondness I obey'd,
Resolv'd she should be mine,
Till *Hymen* to my arms convey'd
My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my *Nelly's* love,
Transporting is my joy;
No greater blessing can I prove;
So blest'd a man am I.
For beauty may a while retain,
The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,
But virtue only is the chain
Holds never to depart.

Ann thou were my ain Thing.

ANN thou were my ain thing,
I wou'd love thee, I wou'd love thee;
Ann thou were my ain thing,
How dearly wou'd I love thee!

O I wou'd clasp thee in my arms,
And I'd secure thee from all harms;
For above mortal thou hast charms:
How dearly do I love thee!
Ann thou were, &c.

Of race divine thou needs must be;
Since nothing earthly equals thee:
For Heaven's sake then pity me,
Who only lives to love thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save;
O for their sake support a slave,
Who ever on shall love thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for your sake
What man can name I'll undertake;
So dearly do I love thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
Till Fate my thread of life have spun,
Which breathing out I'll love thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

She rose and let me in.

13

Plaintive

The night her si-lent fa-ble wore, and gloomy were the Skies, of glitt-ring stars ap-
-pear'd no more, than those in *Nelly's* Eyes; When to her *Father's* door I came, where
I had of-ten been, I begg'd my Fair my Love-ly Dame, to rise and let me in.

An thou were my Ain thing.

Slow

An thou were my Ain thing, O I wou'd Love thee, I wou'd Love thee, ann thou were my
Ain thing how dearly do I Love thee. Then I wou'd clasp thee in my Arms, then I'd se-
-cure thee from all harms, for a-bove mor-tal thou hast charms, how dear-ly do I Love thee.

Slow

Tak your auld clock about ye.

In Winter when the rain rain'd cauld, and frost and snaw on ilka Hill, and Boras with his

blasts fae bauld, was threathing a our Ky to kill, Then *Bell* my wife, wha loves na strife, She

said to me right hastily get up Goodman save *Crommy's* life and tak your auld clock a-bout ye.

The Boatman.

Slowish

Ye gales that gently wave the Sea, and please the can-ny Boatman, bear me frae hence or

bring to me my brave my bon-ny Scotsman, In ha-ly bands we Join'd our hands, yet

may not this dif-cover, while Parents Rate a large Estate, be-fore a faith-ful Lover.

Tak your auld Cloak about ye.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And *Boreas*, with his blasts fae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill;
 Then *Bell* my wife, wha loves nae strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up, good man, save *Cromie's* life,
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My *Cromie* is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kyne;
 Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,
 And I am laith that she should tyne;
 Get up, good man, it is fou time,
 The sun shines in the lift fae hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now its scanty worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thrity year;
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die;
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our King *Robert* rang,
 His trows they cost but haff a crown;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the taylor thief and loun.

He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou the man of laigh degree,
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool,
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule;
 Do ye not see *Rob*, *Jock*, and *Hab*,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hurklen in the ase?
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Good man, I wat 'tis thrity years
 Since we did ane anither ken;
 And we have had between us twa
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten:
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she loves na strife;
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman:
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye give her a' the plea;
 Then Ill leave off where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

The Boat-man.

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny boat-man,
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonny *Scot*-man:
 In haly bands we join'd our hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While parents rate a large estate
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in *Highland* glens
 To herd the kid and goat-man,
 Ere I cou'd for sic little ends
 Refuse my bonny *Scot*-man.

Wae worth the man wha first began
 The base ungen'rous fashion,
 Frae greedy views Love's art to use,
 While strangers to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Hasten to thy longing lassie,
 Wha pants to press thy bawmy mouth,
 And in her bosom hawse thee.
 Love gies the word, then hasten on board,
 Fair winds and tenty boat-man;
 Waft o'er, waft o'er frae yonder shore,
 My blyth, my bonny *Scot*-man.

Nanfy's to the green Wood gane.

NANSY's to the *Green-Wood* gane,
To hear the *Gowdspink* chatt'ring,
And *Willie* he has follow'd her,

To gain her love by flatt'ring:
But a' that he could say or do,
She geck'd and scorned at him;
And ay when he began to woo,
She bid him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny, or my aunty?
With crowdy-mowdy they fed me,
Lang kail, and ranty-tanty:
With bonnocks of good barley meal,
Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped stocks fou butter'd well;
And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my father was nae laird,
'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
A ha house and a pantry:
A good blue bonnet on his head,
An owrlay 'bout his cragy,
And ay until the day he di'd
He rade on good shanks nagy.

Now wae and wander on your snout,
Wad ye hae bonny *Nanfy*?
Wad ye compare ye'rfell to me,
A docken till a tanfie?

I have a wooer of my ain,
They ca' him souple *Sandy*,
And well I wat his bonny mou'
Is sweet like fugar-candy.

Wow, *Nanfy*, what needs a' this din?
Do I not ken this *Sandy*?
I'm sure the chief of a' his kin
Was *Rab* the beggar randy:
His minny *Meg* upo' her back
Bare baith him and his billy;
Will ye compare a nasty pack
To me your winsome *Willy*?

My gutcher left a good braid sword,
Tho' it be auld and rusty,
Yet ye may tak it on my word,
It is baith stout and trusty;
And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he shall get a heezy.

Then *Nanfy* turn'd her round about,
And said, Did *Sandy* hear ye,
Ye wadna mis to get a clout;
I ken he defna fear ye:
Sae had ye'r tongue, and say nae mair,
Set somewhere else your fancy;
For as lang's *Sandy's* to the fore
Ye never shall get *Nanfy*.

Tweed Side.

WHAT beauties does *Flora* disclose?
How sweet are her smiles upon *Tweed*?
Yet *Mary's* still sweeter than those;
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Not daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,
Not *Tweed* gliding gently thro' those,
Such beauty and pleasure do yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let's see how the primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some village on *Tweed*,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does *Mary* not 'tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Is it on the sweet winding *Tay*,
Or pleasanter banks of the *Tweed*?

Nancy's, to the green Wood' gane.

17

Chearful

There *Nancy* to the green Wood' gane, To hear the gowd'spink chat'ring, and *Wit-lie*

he has foll-ow'd her, to gain her Love by flatring; But a that he can say or do, She

geck'd and scorned at him, and ay when he be-gun to woo, She baad him mind wha gat him

Tweedfide.

Slow

What Beau-ties does *Flora* dis-close, How sweet are her smiles up-on Tweed, yet *Mary* still

sweeter then those, both na-ture and fancy ex-ceed, No Daisy nor sweet blushing Rose, nor

all the gay Flow'rs of the Field, nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those, such beauty & pleasure does Yeild.

For lake of Gold.

Briskish

For Lake of Gold she's left me Oh, & of all that's dear be-reft me Oh, She me for-

-look, for A great *Duke*: and to end-less care has left me Oh. A star and

Gar-ter has more Art, than Youth a true and Faith-ful heart, for emp-ty Tit-tles

we must Part, and for glittering show She left me Oh!

The Bush aboon Traquair.

Slow

Hear me ye Nymphs and ev-ry Swain, I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me, tho' thus I languish

and complain A-las She neer be-lieves me. My vows and sighs like si-lent Air un-heed-ed

ne-ver move her, the bon-ny Bush a-boon *Traquair* was where I first did Love her

For Laik of Gold she left me.

FOR the laik of gold she left me,
And of all that's dear bereft me;
She me forsook for a great duke,
And to endless care has left me, oh!
A star and garter has more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
For empty titles we must part;
And for glitt'ring show she left me, oh!

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injur'd heart again to love;
Thro' distant climates I must rove,
Since *Jeanie* she has left me, oh!
Ye Pow'rs above, I to your care
Commit my lovely, charming fair;
Your choicest blessings on her share,
Tho' she's for ever left me, oh!

The Bush aboon Traquair.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me:
Tho' thus I languish and complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded never move her;
The bonny bush aboon *Traquair*,
Was where I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender:
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain;
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in *May*,
Its sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay;
It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural Pow'rs, who hear my strains,
Why thus should *Peggy* grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains;
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon *Traquair*;
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

Corn Riggs.

MY Patie * is a lover gay,
 His mind *is* never muddy;
 His breath *is* sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.
 His shape *is* handsome, middle size;
 He's stately *in his* wawking:
 The shining of his een surprise;
 'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.

Last night *I* met him on a bawk,
 Where *yellow* corn was growing,
 There mony a *kindly* word he spake,
 That set my heart a-glowing.

He *kiss'd*, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd *me best* of ony;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
 "O corn riggs are bonny."

Let maidens of a silly mind
 Refuse *what maist* they're wanting,
 Since we *for* yielding are design'd,
 We chastely should be granting;
 Then I'll *comply*, and marry Pate,
 And syne my *cokernony*,
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn riggs are bonny.

* The Letters and Syllables in this Song, in *Italic* Characters, are to be left out by the Second Voice.

The Broom of the Cowdenknows.

HOW blyth was I each morn to see
 My swain come o'er the hill!
 He leap'd the brook, and flew to me;
 I met him with good-will.
*O, the broom, the bonny bonny broom;
 The broom of the Cowdenknows;
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.*

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 When his flocks round me lay:
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And chear'd me all the day.
O, the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by;
 The fleecy sheep stood still and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.
O, the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play;
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' e'er so rich and gay.
O, the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
 Cou'd I but faithful be?
 He stole my heart, cou'd I refuse
 What'er he ask'd of me?
O, the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I must banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
*O, the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 Where last was my repose:
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.*

Slow with

Corn Riggs.

For 2 Voices 21

My Patie is a Lo-ver gay, his mind is ne-ver muddy, his breath is sweet-er than new

My Patie is a Lo-ver gay, his mind ne'er muddy, his breath sweeter than new

Hay his face is fair and ruddy; His shape is hand-some mid-dle Size, He's state-ly in his

Hay his face is fair and ruddy; His shape handsome mid-dle Size, He's state-ly

Wak-ing. the shin-ing of his Een sur-prise, tis Heav'n to hear him taw-king.

Wak-ing. the shining of his Een sur-prise, tis Heav'n to hear him taw-king.

Slow

The Broom of Cowden Knows.

How blyth was I each morn to see, my Swain come o'er the Hill, he leap'd the brook, &

flew to me, I met him with good will O the Broom, the bon-ny bon-ny Broom, the

Broom of the Cowden Knows, I wish I were with my dear Swain, with his Pipe and my Ewes.

My Apron Dearie.

My Sheep I've for-fa-ken and left my Sheep hook, and all the gay haunts of my youth I've for-

-fook, no more for *A-minta* fresh gar-lands I wove, for Ambition I said, wou'd soon cure me of

Love. O what had my youth, with Am-bi-tion to do, why left I *A-minta*, why broke I my Vow, O

give me my Sheep, and my Sheep hook re-store, and I'll wander from Love, and *Amin-ta* no more.

Brisk

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Bet-ty ear-ly gone a Maying, met her sweet heart *Willie* straying, drift or chance no

matter whither, this we know he reason'd with her; Mark dear Maid the turtles cooing, fondly

Billing kind-ly wooing, see how ev'ry bush dis-covers, happy pairs of feather'd Lo-vers.

Amynta.

To the Tune of *My Apron dearie.*

MY sheep I've forsaken, and left my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for *Amynta* fresh garlands I wove,
For ambition, I said, wou'd soon cure me of love.

O what had my youth with ambition to do?

Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?

O give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,

I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote, in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;
O fool, to imagine that ought can subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!

O what had my youth with ambition to do?

Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?

O give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,

I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!

Poor shepherd! *Amynta* no more can be thine;

Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain;

The moments neglected return not again.

O what had my youth with ambition to do?

Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?

O give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,

I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile Thee.

BETTER early gone a-maying,
Met her lover *Willie* straying;
Drift or chance, no matter whether,
Thus we know he reason'd with her:
Mark, dear maid, the turtles cooing,
Fondly billing, kindly wooing;
See how ev'ry bush discovers,
Happy pairs of feather'd lovers,

See the op'ning blushing roses,
All their secret charms discloses;
Sweet's the time, ah! short's the measure;
O their fleeting hasty pleasure!

Quickly we must snatch the favour
Of their soft and fragrant flavour;
They bloom to-day, they fade to-morrow,
Droop their heads, and die in sorrow.

Time, my *Best*, will leave no traces
Of those beauties, of those graces;
Youth and love forbid our staying;
Love and youth abhor delaying;
Dearest maid, nay, do not fly me;
Let your pride no more deny me;
Never doubt your faithful *Willie*,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

The yellow-hair'd Laddie.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn:
He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
That filyans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Mary be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air,

But *Susie* was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring

That *Maddie*, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
But *Susie* was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mama's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
Then sighing, he wished, would parents agree,
The witty sweet *Susie* his mistress might be.

Hey Jenny, come down to Jock.

JOCKY he came here to woo,
On ae feast-day when we were fou;
And Jenny pat on her best array,
When she heard that Jocky was come that way;

Jenny she gaid up the stair,
Sae privily to change her smock;
And aye sae loud as her mither did rair,
Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

Jenny she came down the stair,
And she came bakein and bingein ben.
Her stays they were lac'd, and her waist it was jimp,
And a braw well-made manti gown.

Jocky's ta'en her by the hand,
Says, Bonny lass, will ye fancy me?
My father is dead, and has left me some land,
Wi' braw houses, twa or three;

And I will gi' them a' to you.
A heath, quoth Jenny, I fear ye mock.
Then foul fa' me gin it be na true,
If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.

Jenny she's gane up th' gate,
And a' her coats as white as her smock;
And ae so loud as her mither did cry,
Wow, firs, has na Jenny got Jock?

The Yelloy hair'd Laddie.

For 2 Voices 25

Slow

Handwritten notes above staff: 3 4 1 2 3 4 2 1 X X

In April when Prim-roses paint the sweet plain, and Summer ap-proaching re-

Handwritten notes above staff: 1st time, 2d time

-joiceth the Swain, joiceth the Swain The Yel-low hair'd Laddie wou'd of-ten-times

Handwritten notes above staff: 1st, 2d

go, to wilds and Deep glens, where the Hawthorn Trees grow. Hawthorn Trees grow.

Hey Jenny come down to Jock.

Brisk

Jocky he came here to Woo, on ae Feast day when we were Fu; And

Jen-ny pat on her best ar-ray, when She heard that Jocky was come that way.

Down the burn Davie.

Moderately

When Trees did bud and fields were green, and broom bloom'd fair to see, when *Mary*

was compleat Fifteen, and love laugh'd in her Eye, Blyth *Davie's* blinks her heart did move, to

speak her mind this free, Gang down the Burn *Davie* love, and I shall fol-low thee

Slow

I'll never leave thee.

One day I heard *Mary* say, how shall I leave thee, stay dearest *A-donis* stay,

why wilt thou grieve me A-las my fond Heart will break if thou shou'd,

leave me I'll live and die for thy sake yet ne-ver leave thee

Down the Burn Davie.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see;
 When *Mary* was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her ee;
 Blyth *Davie's* blinks her heart did move,
 To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee.

Now *Davie* did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on yon burn-side,
 And *Mary* was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride;
 Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue;
 Her looks were like *Aurora* bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 What tender tales they said!
 His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
 And with her bosom play'd;
 Till baith at length impatient grown
 To be mair fully blest,
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
 Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 And naithing fure unmeet:
 For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet:
 And that they aften should return,
 Sic pleasure to renew.
 Quoth *Mary*, Love, I like the burn,
 And ay shall follow you.

I'll never leave thee.

ONE day I heard *Mary* say,
 How shall I leave thee?
 Stay, dearest *Adonis*, stay,
 Why wilt thou grieve me?
 Alas! my fond heart will break,
 If thou should leave me!
 I'll live and die for thy sake,
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely *Adonis*, say,
 Has *Mary* deceiv'd thee?
 Did e'er her young heart betray
 New love to grieve thee?
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou may believe me;
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
 What can relieve thee?
 Can *Mary* thy anguish soothe?
 This breast shall receive thee:
 My passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee:
 Delight shall drive pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee,—leave thee, lad,
 How shall I leave thee?
 O! that thought makes me sad;
 I'll never leave thee.
 Where would my *Adonis* fly?
 Why does he grieve me?
 Alas! my poor heart will die,
 If I should leave thee.

Peggy I must love thee.

AS from a rock, past all relief,
The shipwrackt *Colin* spying
His native soil, o'ercome with grief,
Half sunk in waves, and dying;
With the next morning sun he spies
A ship, which gives unhop'd surprise;
New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
With joy, and waits her motion:

So when by her, whom long I lov'd,
I scorn'd was, and deserted;
Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace
I found in *Peggy's* mind and face;
Ingratitude appear'd then base,
But virtue more engaging.

Then now, since happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying;
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We lose ourselves in staying:
I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
Since marriage can my fears oppose:
Why shou'd we happy minutes lose,
Since, *Peggy*, I must love thee?

Men may be foolish, if they please,
And deem't a lover's duty
To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
Doating on a proud beauty:
Such was my case for many a year,
Still hope succeeding to my fear;
False *Betty's* charms now disappear,
Since *Peggy's* far outshine them.

Woe's my Heart that we should sunder.

WITH broken words, and downcast eyes,
Poor *Colin* spoke his passion tender;
And, parting from his *Grisy*, cries,
Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder!
To others I am cold as snow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go;
It breaks my heart that we shou'd sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range;
No beauty new my love shall hinder;
Nor time, nor place, shall ever change
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invite our wonder;
Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
Then seal a promise with a kiss,
Always to love me, tho' we sunder.
Ye gods, take care of my dear lass,
That as I leave her I may find her:
When that blest'd time shall come to pass,
We'll meet again, and never sunder.

Slow

Peggie I must love thee.

29

As from a Rock past all relief, the Shipwreck'd *Colin* spying his Native soil o'er

come with grief, half sunk in Waves, & Dying; with the next morning Sun he spies, a Ship which

gave un-hop'd surprize, new life springs up he lifts his Eyes, with Joy and waits her motion.

Slow

Woes my Heart that we shoud Sunder.

With broken words and down cast Eyes poor *Co-lin* spoke his passion ten-der, and

part-ing with his *Grisly* crys Ah, woes my heart that we shoud Sunder; To o-thers

I am cold as snow, but kin-dle with thine Eyes like Tin-der, from thee with pain I'm

forc'd to go it breaks my heart that we shoud Sunder.

The Mill Mill O.

for 2 Voices

Slow

To *Fanny* fair cou'd I impart, the cause of all my Woe! O. that beauty which has
 won my heart, She scarcely seems to know O: Un-skill'd in Art of Wo-mankind, with-out de-
 -sign She charms O. how can those sparkling Eyes be blind, which every bo-som Warms O.

Gill Morice.

Slow

Gill Morice was an Earle's Son, his name it waxed wide, It was nae for his great Riches, nor
 yet his mickle pride; But it was for a La-dy gay, that liv'd on *Carron* Side.

End of Book first

TO *Fanny* fair could I impart,
The cause of all my woe!--O
That beauty which has won my heart,
She scarcely seems to know---O:
Unskill'd in art of womankind,
Without design she charms---O;
How can those sparkling eyes be blind,
Which every bosom warms---O?
She knows her pow'r is all deceit,
The conscious blushes show---O,
Those blushes to the eye more sweet
Than th' op'ning budding rose---O:

Yet the delicious fragrant rose,
That charms the sense so much---O,
Upon a thorny briar grows,
And wounds with ev'ry touch---O.
At first when I beheld the fair,
With raptures I was blest'd---O;
But as I wou'd approach more near,
At once I lost my rest---O:
Th' enchanting sight, the sweet surprise,
Prepare me for my doom---O;
One cruel look from those bright eyes
Will lay me in my tomb---O.

Gill Morice.

GILL MORICE was an earl's son,
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor yet his meikle pride:
:S: But it was for a lady gay
:S: That liv'd on *Carron* side.

Where will I get a bonny boy,
That will win hose and shoon,
That will gae to Lord *Barnard's* ha',
And bid his lady cum?
Ye maun rin this errand, *Willie*,
And ye may rin wi' pride;
When other boys gae on their feet,
On horseback ye fall ride.

Oh no! Oh no! my master dear!
I dare nae for my life;
I'll nae gae to the bauld baron's
For to tryft furth his wife.
My bird *Willie*, my boy *Willie*,
My dear *Willie*, he said,
How can ye strive against the stream?
For I fall be obey'd.

But, Oh my master dear! he cry'd,
In green wood ye're your lain,
Gi' o'er sic thoughts, I wou'd ye red,
For fear ye shou'd be ta'en.
Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
Bid her come here wi' speed;
If ye refuse my high command,
I'll gar thy body bleed.

Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
'Tis a' goud but the hem;
Bid her cum to the good green wood,
And bring nané but her lain:
And there it is; a filken fark;
Her ain hand sew'd the sleeve;
And bid her cum to *Gill Morice*;
Speer nae bauld baron's leave.

Yes, I will gae your black errand,
Tho' it be to thy cost;
Sen ye by me will nae be warn'd,
In it ye fall find frost.
The baron he's a man of might,
He ne'er could 'bide a taunt,
As ye will see before it's night;
How sma' ye'll hae to vaunt.

Now, sen I maun your errand rin,
Sae fair against my will,
I's mak a vow, and keep it true,
It sal be done for ill.
And when he came to broken brigg,
He bent his bow and swam;
And when he came to grafs growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And when he came to *Barnard's* ha',
Wau'd neither chap nor ca';
Bot fet his bent bow to his breist,
And lightly lap the wa'.
He wau'd tell nae man his errand,
Tho' twa stood at the gate;
Bot straight into the ha' he cam,
Whair grit folks sat at meat.

Hail! hail! my gentle fire and dame!
My message winna' wait;
Dame, ye maun to the green wood gang,
Before that it be late;
Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,
'Tis a' goud but the hem;
You maun gae to the good green wood
Ev'n by your fell alane.

And there it is, a filken fark;
Your ain hand sew'd the sleeve;
Ye maun come speak to *Gill Morice*;
Speer nae bauld baron's leave.
The lady stamp'd wi' her foot,
And winked wi' her eye;

Bot a' that she cou'd say or do,
Forbidden he wad nae be.

It's surely to my bow'r-woman;
It ne'er cou'd be to me.

I brought it to Lady *Barnard*,
I trow that ye be she.

Then up and spake the wylie nurse,
(The bairn upon her knee),
If it be come frae *Gill Morice*,
It's dear welcome to me.

Ye leid, ye leid, ye filthy nurse,
Sae loud's I hear ye lie;

I brought it to Lady *Barnard*:
I trow ye be na she.

Then up and spake the bauld baron;
An angry man was he;
He's ta'en the table wi' his foot,
In flinders gart a' flee.

Gae bring a robe of yon cliding,
That hinges upon the pin;
And I'll gae to the good green wood,
And speak with your leman.

O bide at hame now lord *Barnard*,
I warn ye bide at hame;
Ne'er wyte a man for violence,
That ne'er wyte ye wi' nane.

Gill Morice sits in good green wood,
He whistl'd and he sang;

O what means a' these folks coming?
My mother tarries lang.

When Lord *Barnard* to green wood came,
Wi' meikle dule and care;

There first he saw brave *Gill Morice*
Keming his yellow hair.

Nae wonder, sure, Oh *Gill Morice*,
My lady loo'd ye weel,

The fairest part of my body
Is blacker than thy heel.

Yet ne'ertheless, now *Gill Morice*,
For a' thy great beauty,

Ye's rue the day ye e'er was born;
That head fall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slait it on the strae;

And thro' *Gill Morice*'s fair body
He's gard cauld iron gae.

And he has ta'en *Gill Morice*'s head,
And fet it on a speir;

The meanest man in a' his train
Has got that head to bear.

And he has ta'en *Gill Morice* up,
Laid him acrofs his steid,

And brought him to his painted bow'r,
And laid him on a bed.

The lady sat on castle wa'
Beheld both dale and down,

And there she saw *Gill Morice*'s head
Come trailing to the town.

Far mare I loo that bloody head,
Bot' and that yellow hair,
Than Lord *Barnard*, and a' his lands,
As they lie here and there.

And she has ta'en her *Gill Morice*,
And kiss'd both mouth and chin.

I once was fow of *Gill Morice*,
As hip was o' the stane.

I got ye in my father's house,
Wi' meikle sin and shame;

I brought thee up in good green wood,
Under the heavy rain.

Oft have I by thy cradle sat,
And fondly seen thee sleep;

But now I'll go about thy grave,
The fa't tears for to weep.

And syne she kiss'd his bloody cheek,
And syne his bloody chin.

Better I loo' my *Gill Morice*,
Than a' my kith and kin!

Away, away, ye ill woman!
An ill deed mait ye die;

Gin I had ken'd he'd been your son,
He'd ne'er been slain for me.

Upbraid me not, my Lord *Barnard*,
Upbraid me not, for shame!

Wi' that same speir, O pierce my heart!
And put me out o' pain.

Since naithing but *Gill Morice*'s head
Thy jealous rage cou'd quell;

Let that same hand now take her life
That ne'er to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nights
Will e'er be fast or kind;

I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
And greet till I am blind.

Enough of blood by me's been spilt;
Seek not your death frae me;

I rather it had been mysell
Than either him or thee.

With waefow wae I hear your plaint;

Sair, sair I rew the deed,
That e'er this curst hand of mine

Did gar his body bleed.

Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,
Ye ne'er can heal the wound;

You see his head upon my speir,
His heart's blood on the ground.

I curse the hand that did the deed,
The heart that thought the ill;

The feet that bore me wi' sic speed
The comely youth to kill.

I'll ay lament for *Gill Morice*,
As gin he were my ain;

I'll ne'er forget the dreary day
On which the youth was slain.

8 00 61

For the FLUTE

Birks of Endermay.

Peatie's Mill.

Low down in the Broom.

Boatman.

Nancys to the greenwood gane.

For Lake of Gold.

Bush aboon Traquair.

My Apron Dearie

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Woe's my heart &c.

Bot a' that she cou'd say or do,
Forbidden he wad nae be.

It's surely to my bow'r-woman;
It ne'er cou'd be to me.
I brought it to Lady *Barnard*,
I trow that ye be she.

Then up and spake the wylie nurse,
(The bairn upon her knee),
If it be come frae *Gill Morice*,
It's dear welcome to me.

Ye leid, ye leid, ye filthy nurse,
Sae loud's I hear ye lie;
I brought it to Lady *Barnard*;
I trow ye be na she.

Then up and spake the bauld baron;
An angry man was he;
He's ta'en the table wi' his foot,
In flinders gart a' flee.

Gae bring a robe of yon cliding,
That hings upon the pin;
And I'll gae to the good green wood,
And speak with your leman.
O bide at hame now lord *Barnard*,
I warn ye bide at hame;
Ne'er wyte a man for violence,
That ne'er wyte ye wi' nane.

Gill Morice sits in good green wood,
He whistl'd and he sang;
O what means a' these folks coming?
My mother tarries lang.
When Lord *Barnard* to green wood came,
Wi' meikle dule and care;
There first he saw brave *Gill Morice*
Keming his yellow hair.

Nae wonder, sure, Oh *Gill Morice*,
My lady loo'd ye weel,
The fairest part of my body
Is blacker than thy heel.
Yet ne'ertheless, now *Gill Morice*,
For a' thy great beauty,
Ye's rue the day ye e'er was born;
That head fall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slait it on the strae;
And thro' *Gill Morice*' fair body
He's gard cauld iron gae.
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Far mare I loo that bloody head,
Bot' and that yellow hair,
Than Lord *Barnard*, and a' his lands,
As they lie here and there.
And she has ta'en her *Gill Morice*,
And kifs'd both mouth and chin.
I once was fow of *Gill Morice*,
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Wi' meikle sin and shame;
I brought thee up in good green wood,
Under the heavy rain.
Oft have I by thy cradle sat,
And fondly seen thee sleep;
But now I'll go about thy grave,
The sa't tears for to weep.

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